

THE  
WORDS  
OF THE  
FAVOURITE PIECES,  
AS PERFORMED AT THE  
GLEE CLUB,  
HELD AT THE  
CROWN AND ANCHOR TAVERN,  
Strand.

COMPILED from their LIBRARY,

BY

J. PAUL HOBLER. *K*

---

We spend the social Night,  
Still mixing Profit with Delight.

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MOR. SAT.

LONDON.

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and to be had at the Place of Meeting.

1794.

THE  
WORDS  
OF THE  
FAMOUS  
PIECES  
OF  
THE  
CLUB

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Entered at Stationers Hall.

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TO THE  
PRESIDENT  
AND  
GENTLEMEN,  
SUBSCRIBERS TO THE  
GLEE CLUB,

THIS BOOK is humbly dedicated, with  
a View to increase the Hilarity of their Meet-  
ings, by

Their most obedient,

And devoted Servant,

J. PAUL HOBLER.

October, 1794.

1861

THE COURT

OF THE

STATE OF

NEW YORK

IN SENATE

January 1st 1861



## Favourite Pieces, &c.

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### INTRODUCTORY GLEE,

3 VOICES and CHORUS,

*Written and composed expressly for the Club,*

By SAMUEL WEBBE.

**G**LORIOUS Apollo from on high beheld us,  
Wand'ring to find a temple for his praise,  
Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us,  
While we ourselves such a structure might raise;  
Thus then combining,  
Hands and hearts joining,  
Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.

Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,  
Music inspiring unity and joy;  
Each social pleasure giving and partaking,  
Glee and good-humour our hours employ,  
Thus then combining,  
Hands and hearts joining,  
Long may continue our unity and joy.

## GLEE, 3 VOC. DR. ROGERS.

COME, come all noble souls, who skill'd in music's art,  
 Do join in this society to bear a part;  
 For in this pleasant grove we'll sit, we'll drink, and sing,  
 And imitate those cheerful birds now in the spring;  
 The Muses nine shall know, and all most plainly see,  
 Our off'ring at their shrine is love and harmony.

---

## GLEE, 5 VOC. BATTISHILL.

A MIDST the myrtles as I walk,  
 Love and myself thus enter talk;  
 Tell me, said I, in deep distress,  
 Where I may find my shepherds?

---

## A 5 VOC. WEBBE.

A GEN'rous friendship no cold medium knows,  
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows:  
 One should our interest and our passion be,  
 My friend should hate the man that injures me.

---

## A 4 VOC. STAFFORD SMITH.

A S on a summer's day,  
 In a green-wood shade as I lay;  
 The maid that I lov'd,  
 As her fancy mov'd,  
 Came walking forth that way:

And

And as she passed by  
 With a scornful glance of her eye,  
 What a shame, quoth she,  
 For a Swain must it be,  
 Like a lazy loon for to lie.  
 And dost thou nothing heed  
 What Pan our god has decreed ?  
 What a prize to-day  
 Shall be giv'n away  
 To the sweetest shepherd's reed ;  
 There's scarce a single swain,  
 Of all this fruitful plain,  
 But with hopes and fears,  
 Now busily prepares  
 The bonny boon to gain.  
 Shall another maiden shine  
 In brighter array than thine,  
 Up, up, dull swain, and make the garland mine.

---

### A 3 Voc. WEBBE.

**A**S o'er the varied meads I stray,  
 Or trace thro' winding woods my way ;  
 While op'ning flow'rs their sweets exhale,  
 And odours breathe in ey'ry gale :  
 Where sage Contentment builds her seat,  
 And Peace attends the calm retreat ;  
 My soul responsive hails the scene,  
 Attun'd to joy and peace within.  
 But, musing on the lib'ral hand  
 That scatters blessings o'er the land ;

That



That gives for man with pow'r divine,  
 The earth to teem, the sun to shine;  
 My grateful heart with rapture burns,  
 And pleasure to devotion turns.

---

GLEE, 4 VOC. DANBY.

**A**WAKE, Æolian Lyre, awake!  
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings;  
 From Helicon's harmonious springs,  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take.  
 The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
 Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,  
 Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign;  
 Now rolling down the steep again,  
 Headlong impetuous see it pour;  
 The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

---

A 3 VOC. BAILDON.

**A**DIEU to the village delights  
 Which lately my fancy enjoy'd,  
 No longer the country invites,  
 To me all its pleasures are void:  
 Adieu, thou sweet health breathing hill,  
 Thou can'st not my comfort restore,  
 For ever adieu my dear vill,  
 My Lucy, alas! is no more.

She,

She, she was the cause of my pain,  
 My blessing, my honour, my pride;  
 She ne'er gave me cause to complain  
 Till that fatal day when she dy'd.  
 Her eyes that so beautiful shone  
 Are closed for ever in sleep;  
 And mine, since my Lucy is gone,  
 Have nothing to do but to weep.  
 Could my tears the bright angel restore,  
 Like a fountain they never should cease;  
 But Lucy, alas! is no more,  
 And I am a stranger to peace:  
 Let me copy with fervour devout,  
 The virtues that glow'd in her heart,  
 Then soon, when life's sand is run out,  
 We may meet again never to part.

---

#### A 4 Voc. Dr. COOKE.

A S now the shades of eve imbrown  
 The scenes where pensive poets rove;  
 From care remote, from envy's frown,  
 The joys of inward calm I prove.  
 What holy strains around me swell,  
 No wildly rude tumultuous sound;  
 They fix the soul in magic spell,  
 Soft let me tread this favour'd ground.  
 Sweet is the gale that breathes the spring,  
 Sweet thro' the vale yon winding stream;  
 Sweet are the notes love's warblers sing,  
 But sweeter friendship's solemn theme.

## A 5 Voc. WM. ROCK, JUN.

**A**LONE thro' unfrequented wilds,  
 With pensive steps I rove,  
 I ask the rocks, I ask the streams,  
 Where dwells my absent love ?  
 The silent eve, the rosy morn,  
 My constant search survey,  
 But who can tell if thou, my dear,  
 Wilt e'er remember me ?

---

## A 5 Voc. STAFFORD SMITH.

**B**LEST pair of fiens, pledges of heav'n's joy,  
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, voice and verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ,  
 Dead things with in breath'd sense able to pierce ;  
 And to our high rais'd phantasy present  
 That undisturbed song of pure consent,  
 As sung before the saphire-colour'd throne,  
 To Him that sits thereon,  
 With faintly shout and solemn jubilee ;  
 Where the bright Seraphin in burning row,  
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,  
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires,  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just spirits, that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout, and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly :

That

That we on earth with undiscording voice,  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
 As once we did, till disproportioned sin  
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, while they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O! may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with heav'n, till God, ere long,  
 To his celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

#### A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

BREATHE soft ye winds, ye waters gently flow;  
 Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs around her grow;  
 Ye swains I beg you pass in silence by,  
 My love in yonder vale asleep doth lie.

#### A 3 VOC. BATTISHILL.

CONSIGN'D to dust, beneath this stone  
 In manhood's prime is Damon laid,  
 Joyless he liv'd but dy'd unknown  
 In bleak misfortune's barren shade:  
 Lov'd by the muse but lov'd in vain,  
 'Twas beauty drew his ruin on,  
 He saw young Daphne on the plain,  
 He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone!

Beneath

Beneath this stone the youth is laid,  
 O! greet his ashes with a tear;  
 May Heav'n with blessings crown his shade,  
 And grant that peace he wanted here!

---

## A 4 VOC. DR. ARNE.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,  
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid;  
 Though sorrow may blemish the verse,  
 Yet let the soft tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain,  
 In sooth he was gentle and kind;  
 He mark'd in his elegant strain,  
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

No verdure shall cover the vale,  
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;  
 The trees of the forest shall fail,  
 And winter discolour the year.

No birds in our hedges shall sing,  
 Our hedges so vocal before;  
 Since he that should welcome the spring,  
 Can hail the gay season no more.



## A 4 VOC. LORD MORNINGTON.

**C**OME, shepherds, come away without delay,  
 While the gentle time doth stay;  
 Green woods are dumb, and will never tell to any,  
 Those sweet kisses, and those many  
 Fond embraces which were giv'n;  
 Dainty pleasures that could ev'n  
 In coldest age raise a fire,  
 And give virgins soft desire;  
 Come, shepherds, come away without delay,  
 While the gentle time doth stay.

---

## A 4 VOC. LORD MORNINGTON.

**C**OME, fairest nymph, resume thy reign,  
 Bring all the graces in thy train;  
 With balmy breath and flow'ry head,  
 Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed;  
 Where, in Elysian slumber bound,  
 Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round;  
 Awake, in all thy glories dress'd,  
 Recall the zephyr from the west,  
 Restore the sun, revive the skies,  
 At nature's call and mine, arise;  
 Great nature's self upbraids thy stay,  
 And misses her accustom'd May.  
 See, all her works demand thy aid,  
 The labours of Pomona fade;

C

A plaint

A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,  
 Each budding flow'ret waits for thee.  
 Come then, with pleasure at thy side,  
 Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;  
 Create, where-e'er thou turn'st thine eye,  
 Peace, plenty, love, and harmony.

---

## A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

COME live with me, and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove;  
 That grove and valley, hill and field,  
 Or woods and steepy mountains yield.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
 And twine a thousand fragrant posies;  
 A cap of flow'rs, and rural kirtle,  
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle,

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 A coral clasp and amber studs;  
 And if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,  
 For thy delight each May morning;  
 If joys like these thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.

ANSWER,

## ANSWER.

## A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

**I**F love and all the world were young,  
 And truth in ev'ry shepherd's tongue;  
 Thy fancy'd pleasures might me move,  
 And I might listen to thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
 Then rivers rage, and hills grow cold;  
 Then drooping Philomel is dumb,  
 And age complains of cares to come.

Thy gowns, thy belts, thy beds of roses,  
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies;  
 All these in me can nothing move,  
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

If youth could last, and love still breed,  
 Had joys no date, and age no need;  
 Then these delights my mind might move,  
 And I might listen to thy love.

## A 4 VOC. DANBY.

**C**OME, ye party jangling swains,  
 Leave your flocks, and quit the plains;  
 Friends to country, friends to court,  
 Nothing here shall spoil your sport;  
 Ever welcome to our feast,  
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

C 2

Sprightly

Sprightly widows come away,  
 Laughing dames, and virgins gay;  
 Little gaudy, flutt'ring misses,  
 Smiling hopes of future blisses;  
 Ever welcome to our feast,  
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

All that rip'ning Sun can bring,  
 Beauteous Summer, beauteous Spring,  
 In one varying scene we show,  
 The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow;  
 Ever welcome to our feast,  
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Comus jesting, music charming,  
 Wine inspiring, beauty warming;  
 Rage and party malice dies,  
 Peace returns, and discord flies;  
 Ever welcome to our feast,  
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

---

### A 3 Voc. HILTON.

COME let us all a Maying go,  
 And lightly trip it to and fro;  
 The bells shall ring,  
 And the cuckoo sing;  
 The drums shall beat, the fife shall play,  
 And so we'll pass our time away.

A 4 VOC. RAYENSCROFT.

CAN'ST thou love and lie alone, love is so disgraced;  
 Pleasure is best when it can rest, in a heart embraced.  
 Rise, rise, day light, do not burn out;  
 Bells now ring, and birds do sing,  
 'Tis only I that mourn out.

Morning star doth now appear,  
 Wind is hush'd, and sky is clear:  
 Come away, come, come away,  
 Can'st thou love? then burn out day.

A 3 VOC. FRANCIS IRELAND.

COULD gold prolong my fleeting breath,  
 Or guard me from the stroke of death;  
 Then would I toil for precious ore,  
 And amass a boundless store.  
 But since all at length must die!  
 Nor gold a single hour can buy;  
 Let the joys of life be mine,  
 Pour the streams of rosy wine;  
 Let me taste in Chloe's arms  
 All the heav'n of beauty's charms;  
 The smiles of friendship let me prove,  
 Friendship is the soul of love.



## A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

**D**ISCORD, dire sister of the slaught'ring pow'r,  
 Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour;  
 While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,  
 She stalks on earth, and skakes the world around.

But lovely Peace, in angel's form,  
 Descending, quells the rising storm;  
 Soft Ease and sweet Content shall reign,  
 And Discord never rise again.

## A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

**D**O not ask me, charming Phillis,  
 Why I lead you here alone;  
 By this bank of pinks and lillies,  
 And of roses newly blown:  
 'Tis not to behold the beauty  
 Of those flow'rs that crown the spring,  
 'Tis to! — but I know my duty,  
 And dare never name the thing.  
 'Tis, at worst, but her denying,  
 Why should you thus fearful be?  
 Ev'ry minute gently flying,  
 Smiles and says, make use of me.  
 What the sun does to those roses,  
 While the beams play sweetly in;  
 I wou'd! — but my fear opposes,  
 And I dare not name the thing.

Yet

Yet I die if I conceal it,  
 Ask my eyes, or ask your own;  
 And if neither can reveal it,  
 Think what lovers do alone.  
 On this bank of pinks and lillies,  
 Might I speak what I wou'd do;  
 I wou'd! — with my lovely Phillis,  
 I wou'd! — I wou'd! — Ah! wou'd you?

## A 5 Voc. WEBBE.

DAUGHTER sweet of voice and air,  
 Gentle Echo, haste thee here;  
 From the vale, where all around,  
 Rocks to rocks return the sound:  
 From the swelling surge that roars  
 'Gainst the tempest-beaten shores;  
 From the silent moss-grown cell,  
 Haunt of warb'ling Philomel:  
 Where unseen of man you lie,  
 Queen of woodland harmony.  
 Daughter sweet of voice and air,  
 Gentle Echo, haste thee here;  
 If thou would'st Narcissus move,  
 To requite thy tender love;  
 From Delia thou may'st learn the art,  
 She captivates the hardest heart.

A 5 VOC. WILBYE.

DOWN in a valley as Alexis trips,  
 He saw young Daphne sleeping;  
 Soon did the wanton touch her ruby lips,  
 She blush'd and fell a weeping.  
 The youth then gently greets her,  
 But all in vain entreats her:  
 Since neither sighs nor tears cou'd move her pity,  
 With plaint he warbled forth his mournful ditty.

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A 4 VOC. FARMER.

FAIR Phillis I saw sitting all alone,  
 Feeding her flock, near to the mountain side;  
 The shepherds knew not whither she was gone,  
 But after her lover Amintas hy'd:  
 Up and down he wander'd while she was missing,  
 But when he found her, O then they fell a kissing.

---

A 3 VOC. DYNE.

FILL the bowl with rosy wine,  
 Around our temples roses twine;  
 And let us chearfully awhile,  
 Like the wine and roses smile.  
 To-day is ours, what do we fear?  
 To-day is ours, we have it here;

Let's

Let's treat it kindly, that it may  
 With at least with us to stay :  
 Let's banish care, let's banish sorrow,  
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

---

A 5 VOC. WILBYE.

FLORA gave me fairest flow'rs,  
 None so fair in Flora's treasure ;  
 These I plac'd in Phillis' bow'rs,  
 She was pleas'd, and she's my pleasure ;  
 Smiling meadows seem to say,  
 Come, ye wantons, here to play.

---

SEQUEL.

5 VOC. ATTERBURY.

I'VE often heard her say that she lov'd posies ;  
 In the merry month of May I gave her roses ;  
 Cowslips and gilly-flow'rs, and the sweet lilly,  
 I got to deck the bow'rs of my dear Philly.

---

A 4 VOC. DR. COOKE.

FAIR Susan did her wife hode well maintain,  
 Algates assaulted so, by lovers twaine ;  
 Now an' I reade arights that auncient song,  
 The paramours were olde, the dame was young :

D

- Had

Had thilk same tale in other guise been told,  
Had they been young and she been olde,  
Pardie! that wou'd ha' been much forer tryale,  
Full marvailous, I wot, were such denyale.

---

A 4 Voc. THOMAS FORD.

FAIR, sweet, cruel, why dost thy fly me?

O go not from thy dearest,

Tho' thou dost hasten I am nigh thee;

When thou seem'st far, then I am nearest;

Tarry then and take me with you.

Fie sweetest, here is no danger,

O fly not, love pursues thee;

I am no foe nor foreign stranger,

Thy scorn with fresher hope renews me;

Tarry then and take me with you.

---

A 3 Voc. DR. NARES.

FEAR no more the heat of the sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages,

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone to take thy wages;

Golden lads and lasses must

All follow thee, and turn to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!

And no witchcraft charm thee!

Ghost



Ghost unlaid forbear thee !  
 Nothing ill come near thee !  
 Quiet consummation have,  
 Unremoved be thy grave.

---

A 3 VOC. DANBY.

FAIR Flora decks the flow'ry ground,  
 And plants the bloom of May,  
 Whilst ev'ry hill, and ev'ry dale,  
 Appears unusual gay :  
 The pretty warblers of the grove  
 Assume their various notes ;  
 Th' echoing woods responsive sound,  
 The music of their throats.  
 Lead on, my Celia, quit the town,  
 And banish ev'ry care ;  
 O haste, my Celia, haste away,  
 To breathe the rural air.

---

A 3 VOC. DR. WILSON.

FROM the fair Lavinian shore,  
 I your markets come to store ;  
 Muse not though so far I dwell,  
 And my wares come here to sell :  
 Such is the sacred hunger for gold.  
 Then come to my pack,  
 While I cry, " What d'ye lack,  
 What d'ye buy, for here it is to be sold."

I have beauty, honor, grace,  
Fortune, favor, time, and place,  
And what else thou would'st request,  
Ev'n the thing thou likest best:

First let me have but a touch of your gold,

Then come to me lad,

Thou shalt have what thy dad

Never gave, for here it is to be sold.

Madam, come, see what you lack,

I've complexions in my pack;

White and red you may have in this place,

To hide your old and wrinkled face.

First let me have but a touch of your gold,

Then thou shalt seem

Like a wench of fifteen,

Although you be three score and ten years old.

---

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A 3 VOC. CALLCOTT, M. B.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,  
Where heartsome with thee I have many days been;

For Lochaber no more,

May be to return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I shed, they are all for my dear,

And not for the dangers attending on war;

Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,

May be to return to Lochaber no more.

A 5 VOC. STAFFORD SMITH.

FLORA now calleth forth each flow'r,  
And bids make ready Maia's bow'r,  
Who still doth lie in a trance.

Then will we little love awake,  
That now sleepeth in Lethe's lake,  
And pray him leaden our dance.

---

A 4 VOC. WEBBE, JUN.

FROM peace and social joy Medusa flies,  
And loves to hear the storm of thunder rise :  
Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,  
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play.

---

A 5 VOC. WEBBE.

GREAT Bacchus, O aid us to sing thy great glory,  
Thou chief of the gods we assemble before thee :  
Wine's first projector,  
Mankind's protector ;  
Hail patron of social delights ! we adore thee !  
All nature rejoic'd when thy birth was declar'd,  
Behold here thy altar ! and vot'ries prepar'd ;  
Crown with thy blessing  
All who confessing,  
No pow'r on earth can with thine be compar'd,

A 4 Voc. DR. COOKE.

GAYLY I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,  
And spent my little life without a thought;  
And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,  
Shou'd think of me, who never thought of him.

---

A 4 Voc. DR. HAYES.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,  
Chloe seems inclined to rest;  
Fill her soul with fond desire,  
Softest notes will sooth her breast,  
Pleasing dreams assist in love,  
Let them all propitious prove.

---

A 3 Voc. DR. DUPUIS.

GATHERING violets yesterday,  
Alas! my heart was stole away;  
Bell! I've been with thee alone,  
Know'st thou where my heart is gone?  
My little shepherdes reveal,  
Did'st thou the captive wand'rer steal?  
Then in thy breast my heart retain,  
Or else restore it back again.  
But, if my wand'ring heart has flown  
To steal its passage to thy own,  
O! let it take of love its fill,  
And I shall gather violets still.

A 4 Voc. J. W. CALLCOTT, M. B.

GO tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,  
 To Daphne's window speed thy way;  
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,  
 There thy vocal art display.  
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,  
 And if she praise thy matin song;  
 Tell her the sounds that charm her ear,  
 To Damon's native plains belong.

---

A 3 Voc. BREWER.

TURN, Amarillis, to thy swain,  
 Thy Damon calls thee back again;  
 Here's a pretty arbour by,  
 Where Apollo cannot spy;  
 Here let's sit, and whilst I play,  
 Sing to my pipe a roundelay.

---

THE ANSWER.

A 4 Voc. PAXTON.

GO Damon go, Amarillis bids adieu,  
 Go seek another love,  
 But prove to her more true:  
 No, no, I care not  
 For your pretty arbour nigh,  
 Although great Apollo cannot spy:  
 Nor will I sit to hear you play,  
 Nor tune my voice to your roundelay.



## A VOC. ALTERBURY.

**G**ENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,  
 Vapour from a secret fire;  
 Which by thee itself discovers,  
 Ere yet daring to aspire :  
 Softest note of whisper'd anguish,  
 Harmony's refined part ;  
 Striking while thou seem'st to languish,  
 Full upon the list'ner's heart.

---

## A 4 VOC. CALLCOTT, M. B.

**G**O, idle boy, I quit thy bow'r,  
 Thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r,  
 I wish thee well for pleasures past,  
 But blest the hour I'm free at last.  
 Yet still, methinks, the alter'd day  
 Scatters around a mournful ray ;  
 And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,  
 And ev'ry stream untuneful flows ;  
 Haste thee back then, idle boy,  
 And with thine anguish bring thy joy :  
 O rend my heart with ev'ry pain,  
 But let me, let me—love again.

A 3 VOC. MICHAEL ESTE.

HOW merrily we live that shepherds be;  
 Roundelays still we sing with merry glee:  
 On the pleasant downs, where, as our flocks we see,  
 We feel no cares, we feel not fortune's frowns:  
 We have no envy which sweet mirth confounds.

}

A 3 VOC. DR. ARNE.

HUSH to peace each ruder wind,  
 Purling rills in silence roll,  
 While on rosy bed reclin'd  
 Sleeps the charmer of my soul.  
 Chaste Diana, watch my treasure,  
 Guard her beauty from alarms;  
 Let no satyr's brutal pleasure  
 Dare invade her blooming charms.  
 Somnus, God of balmy rest,  
 Sweetly slumb'ring let her prove  
 Ev'ry joy that Strephon blest,  
 Cou'd bestow in waking love.

A 4 VOC. DR. COOKE.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
 By all their country's wishes blest!  
 When spring with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,

E

She

She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.  
By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,  
There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And freedom shall a while repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

---

A 4 Voc. Dr. COOKE.

**H**ARK! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins t'arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs,  
On chalic'd flowers that lies.

And winking Marybuds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With ev'ry thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise.

---

A 4 Voc. LORD MORNINGTON.

**H**ERE in cool grot and mossy cell  
We rural fays and fairies dwell;  
Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,  
When the pale moon ascending high,  
Darts thro' yon limbes her quiv'ring beams,  
We frisk it near these crystal streams;  
Her beams reflected from the wave,  
Afford the light our revels crave;

The turf with daisies 'broider'd o'er,  
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;  
Nor yet for artful strains we call,  
But listen to the water-fall.

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A 4 VOC. PAXTON.

**H**OW sweet, how fresh, this vernal day,  
How musical the air!  
Nature was never seen so gay,  
Were but my Silvia near.  
Hush! wanton birds, your am'rous song  
Alarms my virgin breast;  
Retire, sweet whist'ling winds be gone,  
Retire, 'tis love's request.

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A 4 VOC. STAFFORD SMITH.

**H**ARK! the hollow woods resounding,  
Echo to the hunter's cry;  
Hark! how all the vales rebounding,  
To his cheering voice reply.  
Now so swift o'er hills aspiring,  
He pursues the gay delight;  
Distant woods and plains retiring,  
Seem to vanish from his sight.  
Flying still, and still pursuing,  
See the fox, the hounds, the men,  
Cunning cannot save from ruin;  
Far from refuge, wood, and den.

Now they kill him—homeward hie them,  
 For a jovial night's repast;  
 Thus no sorrow e'er comes nigh them,  
 Health continues to the last.

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A 4 Voc. WEBBE.

**H**AIL! happy meeting, vintage now is done,  
 The grapes are purpled by the autumnal sun;  
 Who having with his beams all nature blest,  
 Retires to Capricorn, and sinks to rest.  
 Now comes relentless Winter, that deforms  
 With frost the forest, and the sea with storms;  
 We shun the rage, and thus in social mirth,  
 We'll pass our time till spring renews its birth:  
 Hail! happy meeting, crown'd with ev'ry blessing,  
 Thrice happy we such plenty here possessing,  
 Each in his look his heart's content expressing.  
 Thus while together such a treat before us,  
 Since it hath pleas'd great Bacchus to restore us,  
 Cantet nunc Io Amicorum chorus.

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A 6 Voc. WEBBE,

**H**ENCE all ye vain delights!  
 As short as are the nights  
 Wherein you spend your folly!  
 There's nought in this life sweet,  
 If Man were wise to see't,  
 But only Melancholy;  
 Oh! sweetest Melancholy,

Welcome



Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,  
A sigh that piercing, mortifies;  
A look that's fasten'd to the ground;  
A tongue chain'd up—without a sound:

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves,  
Moon-light walks, when all the fowls  
Are safely hous'd, save bats and owls.

A midnight bell! a parting groan!  
These are the sounds we feed upon!

Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley,  
Nothing so dainty sweet as Melancholy.

### A 3 Voc. FRANCIS IRELAND.

JOLLY Bacchus hear my pray'r,  
Vengeance on th' ungrateful fair;  
In thy smiling cordial bowl  
Drown all the sorrows of my soul;  
Jolly Bacchus! save! Oh save!  
From the deep devouring grave,  
A poor despairing, sighing swain.

Haste, haste away,  
Lash thy tygers, do not stay,  
I'm undone if thou delay.  
If I view those eyes once more,  
I still shall love, and still adore,  
And be more wretched than before.

## A 4 Voc. Dr. COOKE.

**I**N the merry month of May,  
 In a morn by break of day,  
 Forth I walk'd by the wood side,  
 Where, as May was in his pride,  
 There I spied all alone  
 Phillida and Corydon :  
 Much ado there was, God wot,  
 For he would love, but she would not ;  
 She said, never man was true ;  
 He said, none was false to you ;  
 He said, he had lov'd her long ;  
 She said, love should have no wrong :  
 Corydon would kiss her then ;  
 She said, maids must kiss no men,  
 Till they did for good and all :  
 Then she made the shepherd call  
 On all the heav'ns to witness truth,  
 That never lov'd a truer youth.  
 Thus with many a pretty oath,  
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,  
 Such as silly shepherds use,  
 When they will not love abuse :  
 Love, which had been long deluded,  
 Was with kisses sweet concluded ;  
 And Phillida, with garland gay,  
 Was crown'd the Lady of the May.

A 4 VOC. DR. COOKE.

**I**N paper case, hard by this place,  
Dead a poor dormouse lies ;  
And soon or late, summon'd by fate,  
Each prince, each monarch dies.

Ye sons of verse, while we rehearse,  
Attend instructive rhyme ;  
No sins had Dor to answer for, —  
Repent of your's in time.

A 3 VOC. DR. COOKE.

**I** Have been young, though now grown old,  
Hardy in field, in battle bold.  
I am young still, let who dares try,  
I'll conquer or in combat die ;  
Whatever ye can do or tell,  
I one day did you both excell.

A 6 VOC. WILBYE.

**L**ADY, when I behold the roses sprouting,  
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours ;  
And then behold your lips, where sweet love harbours,  
Mine eyes present me with a double doubting ;  
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,  
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses ?

A 3 Voc. S. SMITH.

LET us, my Lesbia, live and love,  
 Nor cast a moment's thought away;  
 Whether a peevish world approve,  
 Or what they think, or what they say:  
 The sun that sets shall rise again;  
 But when our short-liv'd day is o'er,  
 One long eternal night must reign,  
 A lasting sleep — to wake no more!  
 Let us then live and love to-day,  
 And kiss the fleeting hours away.

A 4 Voc. WEBBE.

LIVE to-day, enjoy each blessing,  
 Taking what the gods have sent;  
 Time is ever on us pressing,  
 Let no moment be mispent:  
 Then fill the glass and fill the bowl,  
 May Bacchus still with love agree;  
 And let each Briton warm his soul  
 With Love, and Wine, and Liberty.

A 4 Voc. DR. HAYES.

MELTING airs soft joys inspire,  
 Airs for drooping hope to bear;  
 Melting as a lover's pray'r,  
 Joys to flatter dull despair,  
 And softly soothe the am'rous fire.

## A 4 VOC. DR. ARNE.

**M**AKE haste to meet the gen'rous wine,  
 Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;  
 The rosy wreath is ready made, and artful hands prepare  
 The fragrant oil that shall perfume thy hair.  
 Fresh roses here with myrtles twine;  
 But simple all, without deceit,  
 My wine from art is free,  
 Which never woman was,  
 Nor e'er will be.  
 When nectar sparkles from afar,  
 And the free-hearted friend cries, come away,  
 Make haste, resign thy bus'ness and thy care,  
 No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.  
 Here Mirth resides, here Bacchus' rites are due,  
 Come, drink till ev'ry taper shines like two;  
 Till whining love in bumpers deep be drown'd,  
 And all things, like the circling glass, go round.

## A 4 VOC. REV. R. GREVILLE.

**N**OW the bright morning star,  
 Day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east,  
 And leads with her the flow'ry May;  
 Who from her green cap throws  
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.



A 4 Voc. WEBBE.

NOW I'm prepar'd to meet th' enchanting scene,  
 This is the hour the happy guests convene;  
 Welcome this kind release from care,  
 What can to social joys compare?  
 With wine and songs the jovial night shall pass,  
 Till morning darts its rays into my glass;  
 When vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the way,  
 What can his votaries dismay?

---

A 5 Voc. MORLEY.

NOW is the month of maying,  
 When merry lads are playing,  
 Fa, la, la, la, la.  
 Each with his bonny lass,  
 A dancing on the grass;  
 Fa, la, la, la, la.

---

A 4 Voc. T. NORRIS, M. B.

O'ER William's tomb, with silent grief oppress,  
 Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;  
 Not tears alone, but praises too she gives,  
 Due to the guardian of our laws and lives:  
 Nor shall that laurel ever fade with years,  
 Whose leaves are water'd with a nation's tears.

## A 3 VOC. RAVENSCROFT.

**O**F all the brave birds that ever I see,  
 The owl is the fairest in her degree;  
 For all the day long she sits in a tree,  
 And when the night comes, away flies she:  
     Te whit, te whoo,  
     To whom drink'st thou?  
     Sir Noodle, to you!  
 This song is well sung I make you a vow,  
 And he is a knave that drinketh now.  
     Nose, nose;  
 And who gave thee that jolly red nose?  
     Cinnamon and ginger,  
     Nutmeg and cloves,  
 And they gave me my jolly red nose.

---

A 3 VOC. WEBBE.

**O**FTEN in Laura's breast I strove  
 To plunge a dart quite full of love;  
 The dart, so stubborn is the fair,  
 Repell'd as oft, was lost in air;  
 Tell me, sweet mother, tell me why  
 Laura can thus my pow'r defy?  
 To Venus thus young Cupid cry'd,  
 To him the goddess thus reply'd:  
 Have you not seen a castle, boy,  
     Elastic hung with wool-packs round,  
 The cannon's wonted rage defy,  
 And make the threat'ning ball rebound?

Thus, when you shoot at Laura's heart,  
The springing b—by turns the dart.

---

A. VOC. ATTERBURY.

O Thou, sweet bird! that sits on some lone spray  
Unseen, amid yon solitary grove,  
Fly to my love, and sing thy little lay,  
For lays like thine the hardest heart can move:  
Sing, till around her soft-ey'd Pity play,  
And one responsive sigh breathe sympathizing love.

---

A 4 VOC. CALLCOTT, M. B.

O Thou! where'er (thie bones att rest)  
Thie spryte to haunte delyghteth best,  
Whether on the blod-embrued playne,  
Or where thou kenn'st from far  
The dysmal crye of war,  
Or seest some mountayne made of hepes of slayne;  
Or fierie rounde the mynsterne glare;  
Let Bristowe stille bee made thie care:  
Guarde itt fromme fomenne and consumynge fyre;  
Lyke Avon's streame encyrque itt rounde,  
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,  
Tyll ynne one flame al the whole worlde expyre.

## A 5 VOC. WEBBE.

PRETTY warbler, cease to hover,

Pretty warbler, help a lover;  
From thy joy a moment borrow,  
Tune thy music to my sorrow :

Join and answer when I mourn.  
To grieve alone is most tormenting,  
There's a pleasure in lamenting,  
My complaint if you return.

## A 3 VOC. BAILDON.

PRITHEE, friend, fill t'other pipe,

Fie for shame don't let us part;  
Just when wit is brisk and ripe,  
Rais'd by wine's all-powerful art.  
None but fools would thus retire  
To their drowsy sleepy bed;  
Drawer, heap with coals the fire,  
Bring us t'other flask of red.

Foot to foot then let us drink,  
Till things double to our view,  
Pleasure then 'twill be to think,

One full bumper looks like two :  
Fill, my friend, then fill your glass,

Why should we at cares repine ?  
Misery crowns the sober ass,  
Happiness the man of wine !

## A 4 VOC. STAFFORD SMITH.

**R**ETURN, blest days, return ye laughing hours,  
 Which led me up the roseate steep of youth,  
 Which strew'd my simple path with vernal flow'rs,  
 And bid me court chaste science and fair truth.  
 Witness ye winged daughters of the year,  
 If e'er a sigh had learnt to heave my breast,  
 If e'er my cheek was conscious of a tear,  
 Till Cynthia came, and robb'd my soul of rest.  
 So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,  
 Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;  
 I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,  
 Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak.

---

## A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

**R**ISE, my joy, sweet mirth attend,  
 I'm resolv'd to be thy friend;  
 Sneaking Phoebus hides his head,  
 He's with Thetis gone to bed;  
 Tho' he will not on me shine,  
 Still there's brightness in the wine;  
 From Bacchus I'll such lustre borrow,  
 My face shall be a sun to-morrow.

---

## A 4 VOC. PAXTON.

**R**OUND the hapless Andrè's urn,  
 Be the cypress foliage spread;  
 Fragrant spice profusely burn,  
 Honours grateful to the dead:

Let



Let a foldier's manly form,  
 Guard the vase his ashes bears ;  
 Truth in living sorrow warm,  
 Pay a mourning nation's tears :  
 Fame, his praise upon thy wing,  
 Through the world dispersing tell ;  
 In the service of his King,  
 In his Country's cause he fell !

---

A 4 VOC. DR. HUTCHINSON.

RETURN, return my lovely maid,  
 For Summer's pleasures pass away,  
 The trees green liv'ries 'gin to fade,  
 And Flora's treasures all decay.  
 No more, at ev'n-tide, wailleth sweet,  
 Sad Philomel the woods among ;  
 Nor lark the rising morn doth greet,  
 Return, my love, thou stay't too long.

---

A 5 VOC. WEBBE.

SISTER of Phoebus, gentle queen,  
 Of aspect mild, and ray serene,  
 Whose friendly beams by night appear,  
 The lonely traveller to cheer !  
 Attractive Power ! whose mighty sway  
 The ocean's swelling waves obey,  
 And, mounting upward, seem to raise  
 A liquid altar to thy praise :

Thee,

Thee, wither'd hags, at midnight hour,  
 Invoke to their infernal bow'r :  
 But I to no such horrid rite,  
 Sweet queen, implore thy sacred light ;  
 Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,  
 To rob the miser's treasur'd heap :  
 Thy kindly beams alone impart,  
 To find the youth who stole my heart,  
 And guide me from thy silver throne,  
 To steal his heart — or find my own.

A 4 VOC. DR. ARNE.

SWEET Muse ! inspire thy suppliant bard,  
 Heroic ardor to record.  
 In vain the fervent pray'r I move,  
 Hark ! ev'ry echo whispers Love !  
 I'll raise the theme to acts renown'd —  
 Ah ! no, — 'tis Love, — no other sound !  
 Farewell then, Patriot — Hero — King !  
 My Muse of nought but Love can sing.

A 5 VOC. STEVENS.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
 Men were deceivers ever ;  
 One foot on sea and one on shore,  
 To one thing constant never.  
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny ;  
 Converting all your sounds of woe,  
 To hey nonny nonny.

Sing

Sing no more ditties, ladies, sing no more  
Of dumps so dull and heavy,  
The frauds of men were ever so,  
Since summer first was leafy.  
Then sigh not, &c. &c.

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A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

SWIFTLY from the mountain's brow,  
Shadows nurs'd by night retire,  
And the peeping sun-beams now  
Paint with gold the village spire.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng  
On the white emblossom'd spray,  
Nature's universal song  
Echoes to the rising day.

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A 5 VOC. ORLANDO GIBBONS.

THE silver swan who living had no note,  
When death approach'd unlock'd her silent throat :  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more.  
Farewell all joys, O death, come close mine eyes,  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

## A 3 VOC. WHEELKES.

THE nightingale, the organ of delight,  
 The nimble lark, the blackbird, and the thrush,  
 And all the pretty choristers of flight,  
 That chaunt their music notes on ev'ry bush :  
 Let them no more contend who shall excel ;  
 The cuckow is the bird that bears the bell.

---

## A 3 VOC. WEBBE.

TO me the wanton girls insulting say,  
 Here in this glass thy fading bloom survey :  
 Just on the verge of life, 'tis equal quite,  
 Whether my locks are black, or silver white ;  
 Roses around my fragrant brows I'll twine,  
 And dissipate anxieties in wine.

---

## A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

THE mighty conqueror of hearts,  
 His pow'r I here deny ;  
 With all his flames, his fires and darts,  
 I, champion-like, defy.

I'll offer all my sacrifice,  
 Henceforth, at Bacchus' shrine ;  
 The merry god ne'er tells us lies,  
 There's no deceit in wine.

A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

THE girl that I love is as mild as Aurora,  
 Discreet as Minerva, and youthful as Flora;  
 Rejoic'd at her presence fond nature looks gay,  
 The trees bow their heads on each side of her way.  
 The flow'rs send forth a profusion of sweet,  
 The grass looks more green, that is trod by her feet;  
 The birds hover round, as she trips it along,  
 And improve from her voice, the best notes of her song.  
 Great Phœbus himself is delighted to see,  
 A pow'r more bright and more cheering than he;  
 And stopping his steeds in the midst of their way,  
 He gazes! — forgetting to drive on the day.

---

A 4 VOC. DANBY.

THY breath as fragrant as her own confess,  
 Go, lovely rose, and breathe in Delia's ear;  
 Expiring on her yet as lovely breast,  
 That beauty's blossoms are as frail' as fair.

---

A 3 VOC. DANBY.

THE fairest flow'rs the vale prefer,  
 And shed ambrosial sweetness there;  
 While the tall pine and mountain oak,  
 Oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke:



So in the lowly moss-grown seat,  
 Dear peace and quiet dwell;  
 The storms that rack the rich and great,  
 Fly o'er the shepherd's cell.

## A 3 VOC. BATTISHILL.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,  
 On flow'ry beds supinely laid,  
 With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,  
 And around it roses growing,  
 What should I do but drink away  
 The heat and troubles of the day?  
 In this more than kingly state,  
 Love himself shall on me wait.  
 Fill to me, love, nay fill it up;  
 And mingled, cast into the cup  
 Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,  
 Vig'rous health, and gay desires.  
 Crown me with roses whilst I live,  
 Now your wines and ointments give;  
 After death I nothing crave,  
 Let me alive my pleasures have,  
 All are stoicks in the grave.

## A 3 VOC. BAILDON.

WHEN gay Bacchus fills my breast,  
 All my cares are lull'd to rest;  
 Rich I seem as Lydia's king,  
 Merry catch, or ballad sing:

Ivy wreaths my temples shade,  
 Ivy, that will never fade ;  
 Thus I sit in mind elate,  
 Laughing at the farce of state ;  
 Some delight in fighting fields,  
 Nobler transports Bacchus yields ;  
 Fill the bowl, I ever said,  
 'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.

---

A 5 Voc. GIR. CONVERSO.

WHEN all alone my pretty love was playing,  
 And I saw at a gaze, bright Phœbus staying,  
 'Alas ! I fear'd there would be some betraying.

---

A 4 Voc. S. SMITH.

WHILE fools their time in stormy strife employ,  
 Be ours engag'd in Union, Peace and Joy ;  
 Thus the blest gods, the genial day prolong,  
 In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song ;  
 Apollo tunes the lyre, the muses round,  
 With voice alternate, aid the silver sound.  
 Wisely we imitate the Pow'rs divine,  
 Peace at our heart, and pleasure our design.

A 5 Voc. WEBBE.

WHEN nature form'd that angel face,  
 She lavish'd all her pow'r;  
 Be this, she cry'd, my master piece,  
 Kneel, mortals, and adore!

---

A 3 Voc. DANBY.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain,  
 The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;  
 With art divine, the lyre she strung,  
 Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.  
 For when she struck the quiv'ring wire,  
 The eager breast was all on fire;  
 But when she tun'd the vocal lay,  
 The captive soul was charm'd away.

---

A 3 Voc. CALLCOTT, M. B.

WHEN Arthur first in court began  
 To wear long hanging sleeves,  
 He entertain'd three serving men,  
 And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,  
 The second was a Scot,  
 The third he was a Welchman,  
 And all were knaves I wot.

The Irishman lov'd Usquebaugh,  
 The Scot lov'd Ale, call'd Blue Cap;  
 The Welchman, he lov'd Toasted Cheese,  
 And made his mouth like a Mouse Trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,  
 The Scot was drown'd in ale;  
 The Welchman had like to be choak'd with a Mouse,  
 But he pull'd her out by the tail.

A 5 VOC. WHEELKES.

WELCOME, sweet pleasure,  
 My wealth and treasure;

To haste our playing,  
 There's no delaying,

No no no no no!

This mirth delights me,  
 When sorrow spights me,  
 Then sing we all, Fa la la;

Sorrow content thee,  
 Mirth must prevent thee;  
 Though much thou grievest,  
 Thou none relievest,

No no no no no!

Joy come delight me,  
 Though sorrow spight me,  
 Then sing we all, Fa la la.

Grief

Grief is disdainful,  
Sottish and painful;  
Then wait on pleasure,  
And lose no leisure,  
No no no no no!  
Heart's ease it lendeth,  
And comfort sendeth,  
Then sing we all, Fa la la.

A 4 VOC. EARL OF MORNINGTON.

WHEN for the world's repose my fairest sleeps,  
See Cupid hovers round her couch and weeps;  
Well may'st thou weep, proud boy, thy pow'r dies,  
Thou hast no dart when Chloe has no eyes.

A 4 VOC. MORLEY.

WHITHER away so fast my dear,  
From your true love approved;  
What haste, what haste, I say,  
Tell me my best beloved?  
Lo! then I come, dispatch thee  
Hence away, or else I catch thee:  
Think not thus to 'scape without me,  
But run and never doubt me.



A 3 Voc. *Published by* RAVENSCROFT.

WE be soldiers three,  
 Pardonez moi je vous en prie ;  
 Lately come forth from the low country,  
 With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,  
 Pardonez moi je vous en prie ;  
 To all good fellows, wherever they be,  
 With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me this,  
 Pardonez moi je vous en prie ;  
 Pays for the shot, what ever it is,  
 With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,  
 Pardonez moi je vous en prie ;  
 As long as there is any ink in my pen,  
 With never a penny of money.

A 3 Voc. Dr. ARNE.

WHEN Britain on her sea-girt shore,  
 Her ancient Druids first address ;  
 What aid, she cry'd, shall I implore ?  
 What best defence, by numbers prest ?  
 Tho' hostile nations round thee rise,  
 (The mystic Oracles reply'd)  
 And view thine Isle with envious eyes,  
 Their threats defy, their rage deride ;

H

Nor

Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls,  
Britain's best bulwarks are—her wooden walls.

Thine oaks descending to the main,  
With floating force shall stem the tides,  
Asserting Britain's liquid reign,  
Where'er thy thund'ring navy rides.  
Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,  
Where commerce opens all her stores,  
In social bands shall lead mankind,  
And join the sea-divided shores;  
Spread then thy sails where naval glory calls,  
Britain's best bulwarks are—her wooden walls.

Hail! happy Isle, what tho' thy vales  
No vine-empurpled tribute yield,  
Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,  
Nor crops spontaneous glad the field;  
Yet Liberty rewards the toil  
Of Industry, to labour prone,  
Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,  
And reaps the harvest she has sown;  
While other realms tyrannic sway enthalls,  
Britain's best bulwarks are—her wooden walls.

---

#### A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

WHERE, hapless Iliou, are thy heav'n-built walls,  
Thy high embattled tow'rs, thy spacious halls?  
Where are thy temples, fill'd with forms divine?  
Where is thy Pallas? where her awful shrine?

The

The mighty Hector where? thy fav'rite boast;  
 And all thy valiant sons, a splendid host?  
 Thy arts, thy arms, thy riches, and thy state,  
 Thy pride, thy pomp, thy all that made thee great?  
 These prostrate now in dust and ruin lie,  
 But thy transcendant fame can never die;  
 Fate boasts no pow'r to sink thy glories past,  
 They fill the world, and with the world shall last.

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A 4 VOC. S. SMITH.

WHAT shall we have that kill'd the deer?  
 His leathern skin and horns to wear;  
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Take you no scorn to wear the horn,  
 It was a crest ere thou wert born;  
 Thy father's father wore it,  
 And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

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A 4 VOC. MORLEY.

WITHIN an arbour of sweet-briar and roses,  
 I heard two lovers talking wanton coles;  
 Say, lovely maid, quoth he, to whom is thy liking ty'd?  
 To whom but thee, my dearest life, the gentle nymph  
 reply'd!

H 2

I die,

I die, I die, I die, quoth he;  
 And I, and I, and I, said she;  
 Ah! give me, give me then, quoth he, some token,  
 And with his hands the rest he would have spoken:  
 Fie! away then, cry'd the nymph; alas! too well you  
 know it;  
 Ah! quoth he, sweetly come kiss me, then; kiss me,  
 and — show it.

A 5 VOC. WEBBE.

YOU gave me your heart t'other day,  
 I thought it as safe as my own;  
 I've not lost it, — but, what can I say?  
 Not your heart from mine can be known!

A 3 VOC. *Published by* RAVENSCROFT,

WE be three poor mariners,  
 Newly come from the seas,  
 We spend our lives in jeopardy,  
 While others live at ease:  
 Shall we go dance the round, around, around,  
 And he that is a bully, boy,  
 Come pledge me on this ground.  
 We care not for those martial men,  
 That do our states disdain,  
 But we care for those merchantmen,  
 Which do our states maintain;

To

To them we dance this round, around, around,  
And he that is a bully, boy,  
Come pledge me on this ground.

---

---

A 3 VOC. L. MARENZIO.

WILL you hear how once repining,  
Great Eliza captive lay,  
Each ambitious thought resigning,  
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway.  
While the nymphs and swains delighted,  
Tript around in all their pride;  
Envyng joys, by others flighted,  
Thus the Royal Maiden cry'd.

Hark ! to yonder milk-maid, finging  
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;  
Cowslips all around her springing,  
Sweetly paint the golden vail.  
Never yet did courtly maiden,  
Move so sprightly, look so fair;  
Never breast with jewels laden,  
Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent heav'n had granted  
Me some rural damsel's part;  
All the empire I had wanted,  
Then had been my shepherd's heart.  
Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,  
Free from fetters might I rove,  
Fearless taste the chrystal fountains,  
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.



## A 5 Voc. WEBBE.

**W**HEN winds breathe soft along the silent deep,  
 The waters curl, the peaceful billows sleep :  
 A stronger gale the troubled wave awakes ;  
 The surface roughens, and the ocean shakes.  
 More dreadful still, when furious storms arise,  
 The mounting billows bellow to the skies ;  
 On liquid rocks the tott'ring vessel's tofs'd,  
 Unnumber'd surges lash the foaming coast :  
 The raging waves, excited by the blast,  
 Whiten with wrath, and split the sturdy mast,  
 When in an instant, he who rules the floods,  
 Earth, air, and fire, Jehovah, God of gods,  
 In pleasing accents speaks his sovereign will,  
 And bids the waters, and the winds, be still !  
 Hush'd are the winds, the waters cease to roar ;  
 Safe are the seas, and silent as the shore.  
 Now say what joy elates the sailor's breast,  
 With prosp'rous gales so unexpected blest :  
 What ease, what transport, in each face is seen,  
 The heav'ns look bright, the air and sea serene :  
 For ev'ry plaint we hear a joyful strain  
 To Him, whose pow'r unbounded rules the main.

## A 3 Voc. BAILDON.

**W**HAT Anacreon lov'd we drink,  
 Press it closely to the lip ;  
 Misers, can ye sleep or think,  
 While such nectar here we sip ?

Our

Our gay honest Horace would take off his flask,  
While Ovid in love play'd the fool :  
Come, broach the Falernian or Massic old cask,  
And follow gay Horace's rule.

Let the whining lover sigh,  
All his tears are shed in vain ;  
But a bumper can supply,  
Ev'ry tear that love can drain.

Love was ne'er a treasure,  
Drinking is a pleasure,  
Then fill your gen'rous goblet high !  
Let your glasses gingle  
Thus our joys we mingle,  
Drink, sons of Bacchus, till ye die.

A 3 VOC. DR. ARNE.

YOU ask me, dear Jack, for an emblem that's rife,  
And clearly explains the true medium of life :  
I think I have hit it, as sure as a gun,  
A bowl of good Punch and the Medium are one.  
When Lemon and Sugar so happily meet,  
The acid's corrected by mixing the sweet ;  
The water and spirit so luckily blend,  
That each from th' extreme doth the other defend.  
Then fill up the bowl, rot sorrow and strife,  
A bumper ! my boys, to the Medium of Life :  
Which keeps our frail state in a temper that's meet,  
Contented in blending the sour with the sweet.

## A 3 Voc. WEBBE.

O Come O bella l'ardor de vini,  
 Piu coralini tuoi la bri fa,  
 Bacco vi stilla, suave umore,  
 D'un tal sapore che amor non ha,  
 Bevil' O cara, quando ha la spuma,  
 Tal si costuma gustarlo qui,  
 Così gridando l'ama il francese,  
 Cheto l'Inglese l'ama così.  
 Ma cara luci voi non vedete,  
 Qual altra siete sui l'abri sta,  
 Aita il core ch' è tutto fuoco,  
 Et a poco a poco mancando va.  
 Si bella Dori godiam che il giorno,  
 Presto è al ritorno presto al partir,  
 Di giovanezza godiam il fiore,  
 Poi l'ultim' ore lasciam venir.

## A 4 Voc. CALLCOTT, M. B.

THYRSIS when he left me swore,  
 In the spring he would return;  
 Ah! what means that op'ning flow'r,  
 And the bud that decks the thorn?  
 'Twas the nightingale that sung,  
 'Twas the lark that upward sprung,  
 Idle notes, untimely green,  
 Why such unavailing haste?  
 Gentle gales and sky serene,  
 Prove not always winter past;

Cease

Cease my doubts, my fears remove ;  
Spare the honour of my love.

---

An 8 Voc. DANBY.

ODE TO HOPE.

THOU blessing sent us from above,  
Rich offspring of celestial love,  
Fair Hope ! thy presence let me hail,  
When grief intrudes, when pains assail :  
On life's rough sea, amid the tempest's roar,  
Pilot my rolling bark, and set me safe on shore.

---

A 3 Voc. CALLCOTT, M. B.

PEACE to the souls of the heroes,  
Their deeds were great in fight ;  
Let them ride around me on clouds,  
Let them shew their features in war ;  
My soul then shall be firm in danger,  
And mine arm like the thunder of heav'n :  
But be thou on a moon-beam, O Morna,  
Near the window of my rest,  
When my thoughts are of peace,  
When the din of arms is past,

A 4 VOC. CALLCOTT, M. B.

**T**RIUMPHANT love, with roseate garlands crown'd,  
Has tun'd my lyre to hope's delightful theme ;  
Applauding virtue casts a lustre round,  
And tells the world such bliss is bliss supreme.

---

A 4 VOC. STEVENS.

**Y**E spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;  
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong,  
Come not near our fairy queen :  
Philomel with melody,  
Sing in your sweet lullaby.

Weaving spiders come not near,  
Hence ! ye long-leg'd spinners, hence !  
Beetles black, approach not near,  
Worm and snail do no offence :  
Philomel with melody,  
Sing in your sweet lullaby.

---

A 4 VOC. DANBY.

**T**HE nightingale who tunes her warbling notes so sweet,  
'Midst flow'rs ne'er presumes to fix her mournful seat ;  
Melodiously she sings, while hawthorns pierce her breast,  
Her voice sweet echo rings, and nature lulls to rest.

A 5



A 5 Voc. CALLCOTT, M. B.

O Voi che sospirate a miglior notti  
 Ch' ascoltate d'amore,  
 O dite in rime,  
 Pregate non mi sia piu forda morte,  
 Parto delle miserie  
 E fin del pianto.

A 5 Voc. STEVENS.

IT was a lover and his lass,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 That o'er the green corn-fields did pass  
 In the spring time ;  
 The pretty spring time, when birds do sing,  
 Hey ding a ding, sweet lovers love the spring.  
 And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 For love is crown'd with the prime,  
 In the spring time ;  
 The pretty spring time, when birds do sing,  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

A 3 Voc. WEBBE.

NON fide al mar che freme,  
 La temeraria prora,  
 Chi si scolora e teme,  
 Sol quando vede il mar :

I a

Non

Non si cimenti in Campo,  
Chi trema al suono e al lampo;  
D'una guerriera tromba  
D'un bellicoro acciar.

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A 4 VOC. CALLCOTT, M. B.

**A**RE the white hours for ever fled,  
That us'd to mark the cheerful day?  
And ev'ry blooming pleasure dead,  
That led th' enraptur'd soul astray?  
Too fast the rosy-footed train,  
The blest delicious moments past:  
Pleasure must now give way to pain,  
And grief succeed to joy at last.  
O! daughters of eternal Jove,  
Return with the returning year;  
Bring pleasure back, and smiles, and love,  
Let blooming love again appear.

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A 3 VOC. SACCHINI.

**H**OW should we mortals spend our hours?  
In War, in Love, and Drinking!  
None but a fool consumes his pow'rs  
In Peace, in Care, and Thinking.  
Time, would you let him wisely pass,  
Is lively, brisk, and jolly:  
Dip but his wing in the sparkling glass,  
And he'll drown dull Melancholy.

## A 5 VOC. DANBY.

ROSY finger'd goddess rise,  
 Fair Aurora, mount the skies;  
 Leave, O leave, your chrystal bed,  
 Deck'd with coral beauteous red;  
 From each bush the feather'd choir,  
 Warbling sweet, new joys inspire;  
 Warbling sweet, each myrtle grove  
 Returns to meet the god of love:  
 Come then, shepherds, come away!  
 Come, ye damsels fair and gay;  
 Release your herds and snowy sheep,  
 That they the pearly dew may sip:  
 More grateful to the thirsty flocks  
 Than to Narciss' his golden locks.  
 Come, ere Sol's effervent beams  
 Parch the fields, or heat the streams;  
 Clad each in his best array,  
 We'll celebrate this holiday;  
 Dancing, music, cheerful song,  
 Shall the fleeting hours prolong.

## A 4 VOC. DANBY.

SWEET thrush, that makes the vernal year  
 Sweeter than Flora can appear;  
 As Philomel attends thy lay,  
 She envies the return of day.

The

The tuneful lyre and swelling flute,  
 At thy rich warbling shall be mute;  
 Vocal minstrell, thy soft lay  
 Treasures up, and ends the May:  
 Hark! how the blackbird woo's his love,  
 The skill'd musician of the grove;  
 On thorn, as perch'd, he nobly sings,  
 A cadence for the best of kings;  
 Sublime and soft, gay and serene,  
 A virginal to hail a queen:  
 Nature's music thus improves,  
 All the graces and the loves.

## A 4 Voc. WEBBE.

CUPID, my pleasure, soft love I thee implore;  
 Bacchus, my treasure, brisk wine I will adore:  
 Give me a beautiful maid to bless my longing arms!  
 Give me a bumper of red, in that I view all charms.  
 Without thy joy, life soon would cloy,  
 And prove a mere disease;  
 The noble juice will mirth produce,  
 And give us ease.

## A 3 Voc. CALLCOTT, M. B.

## I.

FROM thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly,  
 From the rocks that are lash'd by their tide;  
 From the nymph whose cold bosom, relentless as they,  
 Has wreck'd my warm hopes by her pride;

Yet

Yet lonely, and rude as the scene,  
 Her smile to that scene cou'd impart  
 A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale;  
 But, away thou fond dream of my heart !  
 To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu.

II.

Now the blasts of the winter come on,  
 And the waters grow dark as the skies;  
 But, 'tis well ! they resemble the sullen disdain  
 That has lour'd in those insolent eyes :  
 Sincere were the sighs it repress'd,  
 But they rose in the days that are flown,  
 Ah ! nymph unrelenting, and cold as thou art,  
 My spirit is proud as thine own.  
 To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu.

III.

Now the wings of the sea-fowl are spread,  
 To escape the rough storm by their flight;  
 And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat  
 From the wind, and the billows of night.  
 Like them, to the home of my youth,  
 Like them, to the shades I'll retire;  
 Receive me ! and shield my vex'd spirit, ye groves,  
 From the pangs of insulted desire.  
 To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu.



A 6 VOC. WEBBE.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA.

CECILIA more than all the muses skill'd,  
 Phœbus himself must to her yield;  
 And at her feet lay down  
 His golden harp and laurel crown:  
 The soft enervate lyre is drown'd  
 In the deep organ's more majestic sound;  
 In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,  
 Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies:  
 And lasting as her name,  
 Who form'd the tuneful frame,  
 Th' immortal music never dies!

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A 4 VOC. CORFE.

I.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!  
 How sweet are her similes upon Tweed!  
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,  
 Both nature and fancy exceed.  
 No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field;  
 Not Tweed gliding gently thro' those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

II.

## II.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
 No beauty with her may compare;  
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,  
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
 Say, Charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

## A 3 Voc. CORFE.

I N the hall I lay in night,  
 Mine eyes half clos'd with sleep;  
 Soft music came to mine ear;  
 It was the maid of Selma.  
 Her neck was white as the bosom of a swan  
 Trembling on swift rolling waves:  
 She rais'd the nightly song;  
 For she knew that my soul was a stream  
 That flow'd at pleasant sounds.  
 Mix'd with the harp, arose her voice;  
 She came on my troubled soul  
 Like a beam on the dark heaving ocean,  
 When it bursts from a cloud,  
 And brightens the foamy side of a wave;  
 'Twas like the mem'ry of joys that are past,  
 Pleasant and mournful to the soul!

## A 4 VOC. CORFE.

## I.

**B**ENEATH a green shade a lovely young swain,  
 One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain;  
 So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,  
 The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow:  
 Rude winds, with compassion, could hear him complain,  
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain!

## II.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,  
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view;  
 These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,  
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they:  
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,  
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

## A 5 VOC. STEVENS.

**O**! mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
 O! stay and hear, your true love's coming,  
 That can sing both high and low:  
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting,  
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
 Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
 Present mirth has present laughter;

What's

What's to come is still unsure:  
 In delay there lies no plenty,  
 Then don't leave me, sweet and twenty,  
 Youth's a season won't endure.

---

#### A 4 Voc. CORFE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,  
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would often-times go,  
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow:  
 There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his love ev'ning and morn;  
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
 That silvans and fairies unsten danc'd around.

---

#### A 3 Voc. CALLCOTT, M. B.

AS I was going to Derby,  
 'Twas on a market-day,  
 I met the finest ram, Sir,  
 That ever was fed upon hay;  
 This ram was fat behind, Sir,  
 This ram was fat before,  
 This ram was ten yards high, Sir,  
 Indeed, he was no more!

The butcher that kill'd this ram, Sir,  
 Was up to his knees in blood !  
 The boy that held the pail, Sir,  
 Was carried away by the flood !  
 The tail that grew upon his rump  
 Was ten yards and an ell,  
 And that was sent to Derby,  
 To toll the market bell.

---

A 3 Voc. BAILDON.

MR. Speaker! though 'tis late,  
 I must lengthen the debate.  
 Question — Order — hear him, hear !  
 Pray support, support the chair !  
 Sir, I shall name you if you stir.

---

A 4 Voc. R. COOKE.

NO riches from his scanty store  
 My lover could impart ;  
 He gave me a boon I valu'd more,  
 He gave me all his heart.  
 But now for me, in search of gain,  
 From shore to shore he flies ;  
 Why wander riches to obtain,  
 When love is all I prize !



A 4 Voc. HINDLE.

QUEEN of the silver bow ! by thy pale beam,  
 Alone and pensive, I delight to stray ;  
 And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,  
 Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.  
 Still while I gaze, thy mild and placid light  
 Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast ;  
 And oft I think, fair planet of the night,  
 That in thy orb the wretched may have rest.  
 The sufferers of the earth, perhaps, may go,  
 Releas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere ;  
 And the sad children of despair and woe,  
 Forget in thee their cup of sorrow here.  
 O ! that I soon may reach thy world serene,  
 Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene.

---

---

A 3 Voc. WEBBE.

AWAY ! away ! we've crown'd the day,  
 The hounds are waiting for their prey :  
 The huntsman's call invites ye all,  
 Come in, boys, while ye may.  
 The jolly horn, the rosy morn,  
 With harmony of deep-mouth'd hounds :  
 For these, my boys, are sportsman's joys,  
 Our pleasure knows no bounds.

## A 5 VOC. DANBY.

**A**S passing by a shady grove,  
 I heard a linnet sing,  
 Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love  
 Proclaim'd the cheerful spring.  
 His pretty accents seem'd to flow  
 As if he knew no pain ;  
 His downy throat he tun'd so sweet,  
 It echo'd o'er the plain.  
 Ah! happy warbler, I reply'd,  
 Contented thus to be ;  
 'Tis only harmony and love  
 Can be compar'd with thee.

---

## A 5 VOC. CALLCOTT, M. B.

**F**ATHER of heroes ! high dweller of eddying winds,  
 Where the dark-red thunder marks the troubled clouds ;  
 Open thou thy stormy halls ;  
 Let the bards of old be near.  
 We sit at the rocks, but there is no voice ;  
 No light but the meteor of fire.  
 O ! from the rock on the hill,  
 From the top of the windy steep,  
 O ! speak, ye ghosts of the dead !  
 O ! whither are ye gone to rest ?  
 In what cave of the hill shall we find the departed ?  
 No feeble voice is on the gale ;  
 No answer half-drown'd in the storm !

Father

Father of heroes ! the people bend before thee ;  
 Thou turnest the battle in the field of the brave ;  
 Thy terrors pour the blasts of death !  
 Thy tempests are before thy face !  
 But thy dwelling is calm, above the clouds ;  
 The fields of thy rest are pleasant.

---

A 3 Voc. WEBBE.

TO the old, long life and treasure ;  
 To the young, all health and pleasure ;  
 To the fair, their face  
 With eternal grace,  
 And the rest to be lov'd at leisure.

---

A 5 Voc. CALLCOTT, M. B.

HAIL, happy Albion ! queen of Isles !  
 Peaceful freedom o'er thee smiles :  
 Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,  
 The flow'r unheeded can descry,  
 And bid it round heav'n's altars shed  
 The fragrance of its blushing head.

Through the wild waves as they roar,  
 With watchful eye and dauntless mien,  
 Thy steady course of honour keep ;  
 Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore,  
 The star of Brunswick shines serene,  
 And gilds the horrors of the deep.

## A 4 Voc. J. C. PRING.

**A**S I wove with wanton care,  
 Fillets for a virgin's hair ;  
 Cupid, and I mark'd him well,  
 Hid him in a cowslip's bell.  
 While he plum'd a pointed dart,  
 Fated to inflame the heart ;  
 Glowing with malicious joy,  
 Sudden I secur'd the boy :  
 And, regardless of his cries,  
 Bore the little frightened prize  
 Where the mighty goblet stood,  
 Teeming with a rosy flood.  
 Urchin ! in my rage I cry'd,  
 What avails thy saucy pride ?  
 Thus, I drown thee in my cup—  
 Thus, in wine I drink thee up !

---



---

A 3 Voc. DR. COOKE.

**S**TAY, lovely Laura, stay, let us sit and play,  
 While Phœbus hurries on the sultry day.  
 Let us the whisp'ring pines' cool shade enjoy ;  
 How soft they murmur as the Zephyrs sigh !  
 While the brook, bubbling to my pipe's soft charms,  
 Shall woo some gentle vision to thy arms.

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,

    All in tears upon the plain ;

Sighing to himself and crying,

    Wretched I ! to love in vain.

Ever scorning and denying

    To reward a faithful swain ;

Kiss, me dear, before my dying,

Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,

    Told him that he lov'd in vain ;

But, repenting and complying,

    When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again :

Kiss'd him up before his dying,

Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

• A 3 VOC. WEBBE.

SEE ! with ivy chaplet bound,

    And wreaths of vernal roses crown'd,

Bacchus comes, and brings along

Blooming mirth and cheerful song :

But, ah ! no myrtle there is seen,

No laurel spreads a lasting green !

Say, does Apollo fly the train ?

Or lovely Venus, wine disdain ?

Behold the muses now appear,

And willing beauty sighs sincere ;

Happier far than gods above,

We fill to Harmony and Love ;

L

Happier



Happier far than men below,  
 Now with sparkling wine we glow :  
 Happier still our lot shall be,  
 Blest with these and Liberty.

A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

SINCE harmony deigns with her vot'ries to dwell,  
 Exalt ev'ry voice, and each note loudly swell;  
 Intreat her to visit us here ev'ry night,  
 And thus by her presence diffuse new delight;  
 And since she such mirth and such pleasure can bring,  
 Let us to Pœan repeatedly sing.

A 3 VOC. JACKSON, *Exon.*

THOU, to whose eyes I bend; at whose command,  
 Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand :  
 I take the sprightly reed, and sing or play,  
 Careless of all the cens'ring world may say.  
 O, fairest of thy sex, be thou my muse,  
 Deign on my work thine influence to diffuse;  
 So shall my notes to future times proclaim,  
 Unbounded love and ever-during flame.

A 3 VOC. JACKSON, *Exon.*

ON a day, alack ! the day,  
 Love, whose month was ever May,  
 Spy'd a blossom passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air :

Thro'

Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,  
 All unseen, 'gan passage find,  
 That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
 Air, would I might triumph so!  
 But, alas! my hand hath sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;  
 Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,  
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet;  
 Thou, for whom e'en Jove would swear,  
 Juno but an Ethiop were;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.

### A 3 Voc. JACKSON, *Exon.*

IN a vale clos'd with woodland, where grottoes abound,  
 Where rivulets murmur, and echoes resound;  
 I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,  
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

As freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung,  
 And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue;  
 But if a smooth accent delighted my ear,  
 I could wish unawares that my Daphne might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,  
 To drive from my heart the fair nymph I ador'd;  
 But the more I with study my fancy refin'd,  
 The deeper impression she made on my mind.

Ah! whilst I the beauties of nature pursue,  
 I still must my Daphne's fair image renew;  
 The graces have chosen with Daphne to rove,  
 And the muses are all in alliance with love!

## A 4 VOC. DR. COOKE,

LONG may live my lovely Hetty,  
 Always young, and always pretty.

## A 4 VOC. DANBY,

NOR blazing gems, nor silken sheen,  
 Bespeak the wearer's heart serene;  
 Nor purple robe, nor tissued vest,  
 Proclaim the calm unruffled breast.  
 The crimson mantle, and the jewell'd crown,  
 Fair peace forfakes, well pleas'd to own  
 The shepherd's simple garb and russet gown,  
 Sweet peace forfakes the crouded street,  
 And shelters in the calm retreat;  
 With solitude the charmer dwells,  
 'Midst rural meads and flow'ry dells:  
 She shuns the costly feast, and rare,  
 Contented with the shepherd's fare;  
 She scorns the roofs where nobles dwell,  
 And seeks the rustic's humbler cell;  
 She flights the miser's glitt'ring hoard,  
 The joys of wine, and plenteous board;  
 Fair virtues livery she wears,  
 And all the joys of life are here.

## A 3 VOC. WEBBE.

O! what can equal here below,  
 The life of us three brothers!  
 The rising sigh of bursting woe,  
 The balm of friendship mothers.  
 The stream of life so smoothly flows,  
 We scarcely feel it gliding;  
 No dang'rous wave the current knows,  
 Our bark with harm betiding:  
 Nor anxious thought, nor teasing care,  
 Our peace of mind destroying;  
 The social glass we freely share,  
 Thus doubly life enjoying.  
 In friendship's ties so firmly bound,  
 Misfortune's storms we weather,  
 And ev'ry blast that would confound,  
 Unites us more together.

---

## A 3 VOC. CALLCOTT, M. B.

WHILE the moon-beams, all bright,  
 Give a lustre to night,  
 I'll weep on his dwelling so narrow,  
 And high o'er his grave,  
 The willow trees wave,  
 Who died on the banks of the Yarrow.  
 'Twas under this shade,  
 Hand in hand as we stray'd,

He

He fell by the flight of an arrow;  
And fast from the wound,  
His blood stain'd the ground,  
Who died on the banks of the Yarrow.

---

A 3 Voc. WEBBE.

MR. ——— will you do us the favour  
To join in a catch? Sir, I'll do my endeavour:  
To be sure I've a cold, — but I'll still do my best;  
As I know your intention, I'll join with the rest.  
May the smiles of the company thus ever cheer us,  
And we all give pleasure to those who may hear us.

---

A 3 Voc. CALLCOTT, M. B.

THOU, who alone dost all my thoughts infuse,  
And art at once my mistress and my muse;  
Inspir'd from thee flows every sacred line,  
Thine is the poetry, the poetry thine;  
Thy service shall my only business be,  
And all my life employ'd in pleasing thee.

---

A 4 Voc. CALLCOTT, M. B.

LOVELY seems the moon's fair lustre  
To the lost benighted swain,  
When all silv'ry bright she rises,  
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely



Lovely seems the sun's full glory  
 To the fainting seaman's eyes,  
 When some horrid storm dispersing,  
 O'er the wave his radiance flies.

A 3 VOC. CALLCOTT, M. B.

I.

**Y**OU, gentlemen of England, that live at home at ease,  
 Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of the seas;  
 Give ear unto the mariners, and they will plainly show,  
 All the cares and the fears, when the stormy winds do blow.

II.

If enemies oppose us, when England is at wars  
 With any foreign nations, we fear not wounds nor scars,  
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em our valour for to know,  
 Whilst they reel on the keel, when the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Then, courage all brave mariners, and never be dismay'd,  
 Whilst we have bold adventurers we ne'er shall want a trade;  
 Our merchants will employ us to fetch them wealth we know,  
 Then be bold, work for gold, when the stormy winds do blow.

A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

**G**REAT Apollo, strike the lyre,  
 Fill the raptur'd soul with fire!  
 Let the festive song go round,  
 Let this night with joy be crown'd.

**Hark!**

Hark ! what numbers soft and clear,  
 Steal upon the ravish'd ear !  
 Sure, no mortal sweeps the strings ;  
 Listen ! — 'tis Apollo sings !

A 3 VOC. WEBBE.

I'll enjoy the present time,  
 I'll be merry while I may ;  
 Love away youth's gentle prime,  
 Ever happy, ever gay.

Youth's the season made for love,  
 Love's the source of bliss below ;  
 I'll the pleasing span improve,  
 Nor waste one precious hour in woe.

Too soon old age, with gloomy care,  
 This sweet transporting scene destroys ;  
 And silvers o'er my wanton hair,  
 And robs me of those fleeting joys.

A 4 VOC. WEBBE.

GODDESS of the cheerful smile,  
 Thou can'st ev'ry care beguile !  
 Still to me thy joys impart,  
 Raise the spirits, warm the heart ;  
 Fix thine empire in my breast,  
 Still an ever welcome guest.

A 3 VOC. CALLCOTT, M. B.

WHO comes, so dark, from ocean's roar,  
Like Autumn's shadowy cloud?

Death is trembling in his hand,  
His eyes are flames of fire!

Son of the cloudy night, retire;  
Call thy winds and fly;  
Retire thou to thy cave.

But let us sit by the mossy fount,  
Let us hear the mournful voice of the breeze,  
When it sighs on the grass of the cave.

A 3 VOC. WEBBE.

SURLY Giles's old cat was shut out of the house;  
How she plagu'd him all night without catching a mouse!  
With her mew, sick to death, furly Giles rose in haste,  
And vow'd that no longer his moments he'd waste;  
So he took up a stick as he jump'd out of bed,  
And swore he would knock the old cat o' the head.

A 3 VOC. REGINALD SPOFFORTH.

SEE, smiling from the rosy east,  
The harbinger of day  
Pours with majestic lustre dress'd  
The treasures of his ray:

M

No

No more her charms Aurora shrouds  
 Behind the fullen veil of clouds ;  
 But sheds profuse her animating pow'rs,  
 And from their wint'ry sleep, awakes the flow'rs.

---

A 3 VOC. WEBBE.

**A**WAKE, sweet muse! the breathing spring  
 With rapture warms, awake and sing ;  
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,  
 Who hail the morning with a song.  
 To Nancy raise the cheerful lay,  
 O bid her haste, and come away :  
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
 And add new graces to the morn.

---

A 3 VOC. WEBBE.

**W**HAT may arrive of care to-morrow  
 Let dull and vulgar souls divine ;  
 And joyless brood o'er future sorrow,  
 While here we drown the past in wine.  
 The bowl supplies eternal streams of pleasure  
 To him who wisely filling, takes his measure.

## A 4 Voc. WEBBE, jun.

WHEN pearly dew, at early dawn,  
 Hangs pendant from the blooming thorn,  
 The lark to usher in the morn  
     Awakes the feather'd throng:  
 Borne upwards on her tender wings,  
 As from the sod she eager springs,  
 In softest numbers sweetly sings  
     Her grateful morning song.

---

## A 5 Voc. WEBBE.

THE blossom so pleasing at summer's gay call,  
 Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall:  
 But behind it the fruit its successor shall rise  
 By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise.  
 So, Celia, when youth, that gay blossom is o'er,  
 By her virtues improv'd shall engage me the more;  
 Shall recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime,  
 When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

---

## A 4 Voc. WEBBE, jun.

SWEET stream, that winds thro' yonder glade,  
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid;  
 Silent and pure she glides along,  
 Far from the world's gay busy throng:



With gentle yet prevailing force,  
Intent upon her destin'd course;  
Graces attend on all she does,  
Blessing and blest where e'er she goes.

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